

# The Times-Dispatch

Published every day in the year by  
The Times-Dispatch Publishing Co., Inc.  
THE TIMES-DISPATCH, Founded 1888  
Address all communications  
THE TIMES-DISPATCH  
Telephone, Randolph 1.  
Publication Office, 10 S. Ninth Street  
Richmond, Va. 23204  
Subscription Office, 1020 Hull Street  
Petersburg, Va. 23103  
Lynchburg, Va. 24501  
Salem, Va. 24156

HASHBROOK, STORY & BROOKS, INC.  
Special Advertising Representatives  
New York, 200 Fifth Avenue  
Philadelphia, National Life Building  
Chicago, People's Gas Building

**SUBSCRIPTION RATES.**  
BY MAIL: One Year, \$3.00; Six Months, \$1.50; Three Months, \$0.75.  
Daily and Sunday, \$6.00; Daily only, \$4.00; Sunday only, \$2.00.  
By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg:  
Daily with Sunday, one week, 15 cents  
Daily without Sunday, one week, 10 cents  
Sunday only, 5 cents

Entered January 27, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

SUNDAY, AUGUST 9, 1914.

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## Where Platforms Fail

HOWEVER difficult of enforcement its provisions may be, the principle embodied in the Palmer-Owen bill prohibiting interstate commerce in the products of child labor, which, it is understood, will be favorably reported by the House Committee on Labor, will be indorsed even by the most rigid sticklers for States' rights. Where the mental, moral and physical welfare of children is involved, platforms and political tenets lose their significance.

## The Silver Lining

WHETHER or not Europe crashes together in the most dreadful war of all the ages, this fortunate country will keep on its peaceful way, saddened, it is true, but hopeful. Our people will have to be clothed and fed, no matter how the battles rage overseas. The warring nations will buy at high prices many commodities from us. Our fruitful earth will continue to bear, our railroads to run and our people will work on at their solution of our domestic problems. When Europe comes through Armageddon, the United States of America will still be holding up to heaven the lamp of liberty, whose brilliance no demagogue can dim nor autocrat blacken.

## A World in Frenzy

NEVER since the crusades of the Middle Ages has there been witnessed anything approaching the spectacle we are seeing to-day, and that is an entire world in frenzy—a frenzy of aid for fighting, of fear and of uncertainty. Things are different, too, from the Middle Ages. Then communication was slow and transportation even slower. Panic spread fast, and the country far off was less affected by remote troubles.

Our very perfection and marvel of civilization is hurting us all, Europe and America, in giving us greater opportunities for losing our heads, some of us literally no less than metaphorically. The wireless, the cable, the phone, the telegraph, the railroad, the ocean liner, efficient machinery for production in factory and field—all these influences militate to frenzy.

No nation in Europe to-day knows its status. None knows where to expect a blow, or when. The estimates of the enemy's strength all are conjectural, and built on the treachery of spies and bribed men.

Europe's financial and commercial fabric is in tatters. It will be in that condition indefinitely, whether peace is patched or the spasmodic flashes become a conflagration. No wonder that in city and country people accustomed to a long peace are frantic and demoralized. No wonder that statesmen ordinarily grave and collected exhibit symptoms of paralysis. No wonder that King George of England suffers nervous collapse.

The world is standing topsy-turvy. The Old World is spinning around like a top, morally and mentally. Fortunate we, on this side of the Atlantic, that we are sufficiently detached to be able to keep our feet on the ground. People living to-day are witnessing a gigantic spectacle that it is doubtful ever will be repeated in future history. The cost of its repetition will be too deadly, and men will protest.

## Good Fortune Guards Our Motorists

NOT precaution and not observance of the law, but some mysterious and kindly good fortune, guards the safety of motorists in this good city of ours. That is, this protecting influence has so far shielded from injury those who, with a confidence childlike and blind, have trusted to its care, though every observant person dies daily with those who escape death.

For every day scores of times every day, practically every motor driver on the streets of the city violates one of the wisest provisions for his own safety contained in the traffic regulations, thus endangering his own life and running the risk of turning his machine into a veritable car of juggernaut.

The ordinance provides that "no vehicle shall be turned while in motion, or in starting to turn from a standstill, unless a signal shall previously be given by raising the whip or hand, indicating by it the direction in which the turn is to be made." So far as is known, the drivers of horse-drawn vehicles absolutely disregard this provision, and make no pretense at indicating the direction in which they propose turning, and, as a sequel will undoubtedly show, in spite of the protecting influence so gratefully relied upon, motorists would do well to follow their example, instead of adopting the misleading and dangerous system that they now follow.

So far from indicating the direction in which they are about to turn, taxi drivers, chauffeurs and auto-chauffeurs—using the term to describe those who drive their own cars—merely consult their sweet convenience as to which hand they stick out from the side of the car. If they are using a "right-hand drive," they project their right hands; if they own or owe for a car with a "left-hand drive," they gaily use their left hands—utterly regardless of the turn contemplated. Thus, if a motorist is driving eastward on Franklin Street and is about to turn north toward Grace at Foushee, if he is seated on the right side of his car, he is certain to extend his right hand, and with it to extend an invitation—under the ordinance—to the man

driving behind him to pass him on the left, or to pass on through him and his machine. Still, the constant observer need not despair; some day his watchfulness will be rewarded by viewing a spectacular wreck, while his taste for news will be regaled with an account of a damage suit, in which the man who lured his fellow to destruction by false signals, will be mulcted in compensatory and punitive damages.

Meanwhile, some mysterious and kindly good fortune guards the safety of motorists in this good city of ours.

## The R. F. D. Link

THE promulgation by Postmaster-General Burleson of the conditions under which the new maximum of \$1,200 pay for rural letter carriers becomes effective, emphasizes the extreme importance of the role played by the rural free delivery route in our modern civilization.

The details of the new schedule of remuneration are too technical for the easy comprehension of the layman. They may be summarized as signifying that the carrier's receipt of the maximum depends almost wholly on the volume of patronage of the route. That puts a direct incentive upon both the patrons and the carriers, which is a good thing.

Few influences have been more potent than the rural free delivery in developing the country. The rural phone followed in its wake, and good roads have had much to do with it. But bringing the country closer to the great centers of civilization is what has really turned the trick, and the rural free delivery has done just that.

As it now is, the man in the country gets his daily or his weekly newspaper, his periodical and his correspondence almost as soon as the man in the city. Under the amplified parcel post, he gets his supplies more cheaply and more quickly, and the market for his products is indefinitely broadened. All this means, necessarily, that his revenues are increased, and the significance of that factor cannot be overestimated.

Isolation and monotony heretofore have been the chief foes to the country, in the sense of keeping the right people there. Lack of educational advantages and of facilities for sociability are other agencies. The rural free delivery helps to push isolation and monotony into the background. Good roads and plenty of them make for educational advantages and for an increase of the indulgence of that gregarious instinct which lies in the nature of every normal man.

Seen from this angle, the rural carrier is a proved evangel of advancement and development, of greater happiness, of more equal opportunity, of religious progress and of general contentment. It is sure that the increased pay given the carrier, which is helpful, but not large enough, will increase his already large sphere of usefulness. In time to come, Congress will, and should, be even more liberal. The carrier is the poorest paid government servant, measured by his gifts.

## The Three Arbiters

THE geography, the circumstances and the factors in the present European crisis are varied from those of the Napoleonic era, but the arbiters of the eventual results are the same. And these are: men, money, brains. There will be a sprinkling of luck, but the three influences noted will be predominant.

What will happen when Germany locks horns with France, is a problem. It may be the German strategy to pound France to a pulp before Russia can gather her enormous resources, then turn on Russia. Germany has the best fighting force in Europe, measured by efficiency, training and esprit. She can mobilize as though by magic. Discipline is perfect. The German is a fighting machine. His leaders are capable, and they command his implicit obedience.

This is not to reckon with Austria, Serbia, even with the aid of Montenegro, cannot long keep Austria busy. Once the main force of that country is relieved, it will begin hammering at Russia, which will be compelled to watch for trouble from that source as well as from Germany. The Austrians are not wonderful warriors. Napoleon found them easier than the soldiers of any of the powers he encountered, and there is no indication they have changed. The empire, too, and probably the army, is a conglomerate of squabbling elements, which does not make for success.

France is a good fighting nation, but there are suspicions of the strength and fibre of her army. England has a negligible land force, when potential troubles in Africa and India are considered. Italy has a fair army, but is handicapped by poverty.

Now, it is the nation that commands the best trained brains and the most money that is likely to gain the ascendancy. England has the brains and the money, but lacks the men. Her strength will be thrown to Russia, which has the men but lacks the trained brains and the money. Germany has plenty of brains and efficiency, a moderate number of men, but comparatively little money. These are the baffling combinations that exist to-day in Europe. The riddle is hard to answer.

## Inform the Unfortunate

FINE work is quietly being done by the Virginia State School for Colored Deaf and Blind Children. Indeed, the very method with which the institution has been conducted since its foundation tends to lessen, to some extent, its capacity for doing good. To those familiar with the school and its work, the results accomplished have been striking, but to the majority of the people the existence of a State-supported institution in Newport News for the education of colored deaf and blind children along practical and useful lines is unknown. An appeal is made to the white people of Virginia to inform the unfortunate among their colored neighbors of the opportunity held out to them by the State.

The Concert of Europe is to be played with bayonets for bows and human bodies for fiddles.

The world is a little skeptical as to the Von Moltke of 1914 being quite the same breed of dog as the Von Ditt of 1870.

Perhaps that's Francis Joseph's idea of how to earn the four or five-million-dollar pay check he pulls down every year.

Now that Maeterlinck has proved that horses can think, he should feel qualified to pass on the question as to whether men think.

Would there be war if the women of Europe had the vote?

Europe furnishes an opportunity for those disgusted correspondents down in Mexico,

## WAYSIDE CHATS WITH OLD VIRGINIA EDITORS

"From personal experience," says the Lynchburg Advance, "we know that the state of 'brokenness' in a strange land is mighty unpleasant." How about the state of "brokenness" in a game with strangers?

The Fredericksburg Free Lance pays tribute to the statesmanship of those who so promptly passed the emergency currency bill. "The President and Congress are to be congratulated," it says, "on the prompt action taken to protect business and credits in this country during the present crisis. Rising above party and looking only to the welfare of the country, Congress has made it impossible for a panic to occur, and the banks of the country will be able to meet all requirements of the people as result of congressional action on the emergency currency measure. There is no alarm in America over the European mix-up—only regret."

"Controller of the Currency Williams says all the currency needed is now in circulation. Somebody got our share," remarks the Salem Times-Register. You can search us, bo!

"Still there is some consolation in the fact that Cole Blaise has been summarily crowded out of the limelight," says the Bristol Herald-Courier. Along with T. R. Barnes, "The Same Old Bill" and a few others whose greed of the front page has been satisfied at the expense of the reading public.

The Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch suggests: "The call to colors may have the effect of changing the blue Danube," or displacing with guards of another nationality "The Watch on the Rhine." Meantime, it will be demonstrated conclusively whether the tricolors are fast or will run.

"Belgium is the key to France," the Alexandria Gazette says, and continues: "Army officers think in the campaign through Belgium lies Germany's only hope of marching her soldiers into France." Estimates of the dead and wounded received since that was written lead to the common belief that William got the key in the wrong door when he tried Belgium.

This clue, supplied by the editor of the Williamsburg Gazette, may put the farmers of Virginia on the trail of the worst hands whose absence from the fields has occasioned alarm and financial loss. "We have even this year seen men actually at work with sickles cutting the grass along the streets. At almost any time you may see a man with a shovel and hoe working the streets." It must not be inferred, however, that crops are abundant in the streets of Williamsburg. The Gazette was merely commenting upon the inadequacy of the system of street cleaning provided by the town fathers.

Claims to the wheat-growing championship of Virginia are in vogue for consideration and comparison. The Edinburg Sentinel throws down the gauntlet in behalf of a Shenandoah champion, submitting the following: "John R. Walker, of near Mt. Jackson, claims to be the champion wheat grower in Shenandoah County. He had two and a quarter acres of land that for twenty years has been farmed every alternate year in watermelons, and this was the year, according to his rotation, for the place to be farmed in wheat, which was done. From this piece, two and a quarter acres only, he harvested 12 bushels of fine quality wheat, an average of fifty-eight and two-third bushels per acre." It is a free-for-all contest. Who is entitled to the wheat belt?

The Portsmouth Star philosophizes: "Man in the beginning was given dominion over the beasts of the field, the fowls of the air and the fish of the sea. He is warring to-day over the fields of the earth upon the seas and under the seas, and in the heavens above the earth." And all because, in the opinion of some authorities, Kaiser Wilhelm's course of reasoning has been something to this effect: "The universe is the Lord's, but Europe rightfully belongs to Germany."

## THE PUBLIC PULSE

Editorial Expressions From Leading Newspapers

### The Mexican Menace

Overshadowed by the titanic struggle in Europe, the situation in Mexico nevertheless is assuming more alarming proportions and presenting greater possibilities of trouble for the United States than at any time since the fall of Porfirio Diaz. The war in Europe has turned American attention from the irritating neighbor on the south, but the danger there has not been lessened.

The sinister refusal of Carranza to guarantee amnesty to sympathizers of Huerta or to any of the noncombatants can have but one meaning. If it were not his intention to engage in wholesale slaughter he surely could have no hesitancy in giving such guarantees and thus obtaining peaceful control of the capital. The attitude of Carranza toward the capital suggests the vividness of the impression that Mexico City was being deserted.—Washington Post.

### Business Patriotism

It is certainly to be hoped that the American people will not be penalized by their own wholesale dealers because of a war in Europe. Retailers are current this provision houses have already begun to hoard supplies, with an upward pressure upon prices, and not because a scarcity of foodstuffs in this country renders the measure precautionary, but because their very abundance this year furnishes a temptation for such amassing to sell at boom figures abroad.

Americans will feel the paralysis of the war severely enough in any event, so that it is the duty of every patriotic business man to aid as he may in keeping domestic conditions as nearly as possible to the normal, and therefore food dealers, assured of a reasonable profit at home, should contribute to the stringency of their fellow countrymen by compelling them to suffer on behalf of the profits of hazardous exportation. New York Evening Sun.

### A Shattered Idol

It is worth while in passing to keep the record of Mr. Andrew Carnegie clear. He has been touting the German Emperor as the greatest peace force for Europe through a decade or more. He is now quoted in the dispatches to the effect that on account of the failure of Emperor William to respond to the mediation proposals of England and because of the violation of the territory of Belgium, the Kaiser has made it necessary for England to go to war with him, and that England is justified in so doing. Thus does the builder of the peace palace at The Hague give conditional approval to war, and thus does he dismantle the idol of peace that he had set up in the shrine of his particular favor. Mr. Carnegie is mortal. He is also of British birth—some say at present a quoted rightly. The Kaiser is no longer the high exemplar of peace in the temple of humanity in the estimation of the world philanthropist. Baltimore American.

### The Difference

When a woman winds a towel around her head and calls for a bucket of water, it means the beginning of a big day, but when a man winds a towel around his head and calls for water it means the end of a big night.—Atlanta Constitution.

## VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

**Increasingly Admirable.**  
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—Please accept my congratulation upon your breadth of outlook as evidenced by your publication to-day on your increasingly admirable editorial page of that impressive prayer. It is the most stately and beautiful utterance that I have seen in regard to the war. Would it be possible to learn the author of the prayer?  
E.

Richmond, August 7.

**After the War—What?**  
To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:  
Sir,—An interesting case, to the "No Man Can Tell" article, which you kindly published on the 5th instant, in order to make clear the views presented therein:

Self-preservation is said to be the first law of Nature, and, if so for the individual, and more so for the aggregate individual—the State; and the State must protect its integrity at all hazards, regardless of the ill-effects upon neighbors—it must destroy neighbors rather than be destroyed by neighbors.

Coming, now, to well-established facts, for centuries there has been enmity, and frequently war, between Germany and France, and, as Germany needed, and therefore weak, and France was united and therefore strong, campaigns were always waged upon German soil to the incalculable injury, and sometimes actual desolation, of Germany. Turenne, Condé and other celebrated French marshals gained their world-wide reputation at Germany's expense, and Napoleon held her in helpless subjection. France has always been a menace to the integrity of Germany, but now that Germany has grown mighty, and must burst her swaddling bands, she has resolved to put an end to this perpetual menace, and, to do so, she must, at all hazards, crush France and reduce her to impotence. It is not a matter of choice, but of dire necessity—crush or be crushed. And this can and will be done for several reasons: First, because the German army is a greater and more efficient instrument of destruction than is that of the French. Second, because the German physique is superior to the French physique, and, in a strenuous war, as this is to be, physique will tell. Third, the population of Germany is greatly superior to that of France, and, above all, Germany's forces are welded by a single mighty mind, while the forces of France will be welded by disunited counsels and probably by political dissensions. The only possible result of such mightiness is that one not only must, but will, be crushed, and, as to which one, there can be but one answer to an impartial and competent mind.

"But," comes the reply, "what of France's great ally, Russia?"  
If Russia and France could present an actual and united front, the outcome might, and probably would, be different; but Germany will force France before Russia can unite her forces with those of France.

Germany must, and will, force the conflict, and the grand decisive battle will be fought before the Russians are in hearing of cannon-shot.

As soldiers, Grant and Emperor William are somewhat alike. When a thing is to be accomplished, the lives of soldiers are as blades of grass, they will be sacrificed in hcatombs without scruple or remorse.

Fortifications can only impede—they cannot prevent—a decisive battle, which will be required to prevent the Germans from capturing Paris, capturing or besieged, Russia's help will not avail, as France will then lie prostrate at the feet of Germany.

I am not a partisan of Germany, but such is the vision of the future as it appears to my unpartisan judgment.

Great Britain has cast her heavy mailed hand into the scales, and, were the conflict to be decided on the water, her action would be aversive, probably fatal, to Germany, but the contest is a land contest, and must be decided on land and nowhere else, and Great Britain's fleets can avail but little. Germany will most probably overrun Belgium before Great Britain can come to her relief.

And, when the war has been fought and treaty of peace is to be signed, Germany may probably say "I am ready for peace, but my terms are possession of Belgium, Holland and Denmark and a large slice of Northern France." Russia will probably say, "I, too, am ready for peace, but my terms are possession of Constantinople and Scandinavia," and, finding that peace is impossible until Germany's and Russia's demands are met, the conclusion of peace will probably find Russia and Germany full-fledged sea powers, which, of right, they should be. LEWIS H. BLAIR.

Richmond, August 6.

## War.

"What," one asks, "of trumpet blast and banners in the dawn?"  
And what of the grain in the fallow field  
When the husbandman has gone?"

This, if we know not how to wield  
The sword with a steady hand  
The grain that stood in your broad, green field  
Shall be reaped by an alien band.

This, if ye be not strong to fight  
And ready to shield and save,  
The woman and child shall starve and die,  
Or live as the foeman's slave.

Shelter and food and wife and child—  
Since ever the world began—  
The strong shall win and the strong shall keep  
So long as man is man.

The weapons ye use are greater far  
Than those the cave-man bore,  
The battle line is farther flung  
Than it was in the time before.

But the things ye strive for have not changed,  
Nor shall they change at all.  
And the strong shall win and the strong shall keep,  
And the weak shall surely fall.

Justice and pity, and mercy? Yes.  
But they die without the sword.  
For wrong is weak and fails in the end,  
But it does not yield to a word!

And life and love, and the right to live—  
Since ever the world began,  
They have gone to the clean and true and strong,  
And shrank while man is man!

—H. W. New York Evening Sun.

## THE BRIGHT SIDE

### The Teacher Taught.

Miss Dixon, a charming society girl, had spent the entire summer in trying to elevate the simple country people with whom she was boarding. When she was about to leave, she said:

"Good-by, Mr. Ingersoll. I hope my visit here hasn't been entirely without good results."  
"Sartin not," replied the old farmer. "You've learnt a heap since you first come; but, by heck, you was about the greenest one we ever had on our hands!"—National Monthly.

**Investigated Before the Rescue.**  
"Is she going to marry the young man who saved her from drowning?"  
"I think so."

"But is she sure that he is able to support her in the style to which she has been accustomed?"  
"Yes, she looked him up in Bradstreet's before she fell in!"—Houston Post.

**Complications of Authorship.**  
Wouldn't it be too bad if, as the result of England being drawn by triple entente responsibilities into fighting side by side with Russia, Mr. Tudyard Kipling were put to the painful necessity of getting out a revised edition of his excellent poem containing the admonition:

"Make ye no truce, with Adam-zad—the bear that walks like a man!" New York Herald.

**Insulting.**  
The Delegate—I tell you, sir, that the root of trouble of the educational system of this nation is the teacher.

The Listener—But, say, ain't you a teacher yourself?  
The Delegate (indignantly)—A teacher, sir! Certainly not! I'm an educator.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

## "THESE CHRISTIAN PEOPLES!"

ONE OF THE DAY'S BEST CARTOONS.



## The Trey O' Hearts

Romantic Tale by Louis Joseph Vance

Copyright, 1914, by Louis Joseph Vance

By arrangement with the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, it is in pictures at the Dispatch and also to see it in pictures at the Superior Theatre.

### The First Story:

**FLOWER OF THE FLAME.**  
Lapped deep in the leatherbound luxury of an ample lounge chair, vaulted apart from the world by the venerable solitude of the library of London's most exclusive club, Mr. Alan Law sprawled lazily on the nap of his neck, and, squinting discontentedly down his nose, submitted that he was exhaustively bored.

He had every reasonable right to be bored. He had nothing else to do but be bored. He was in most outward respects, a very ordinary person—normally sane and good-looking, well-mannered, well-cared for, well-dressed. And normally, Mr. Law behaved himself; he was made of the stuff that riches cannot spoil. Left to himself, he would far rather stand at the wheel of a racing motorboat than buck that of a roulette layout; he preferred playing polo to playing the piano; and hitting the high spots along Montmartre was less to his taste than sailing comfortably over them at an altitude of several thousand feet; while it was never his notion of fun to give his guests as an antidote for last night, and then cock-tails to counteract the antidote.

But there were times when it was strongly borne in upon him that he must either break out in some unique and spontaneous manner, or, at least, stand at the wheel of a racing motorboat than buck that of a roulette layout; he preferred playing polo to playing the piano; and hitting the high spots along Montmartre was less to his taste than sailing comfortably over them at an altitude of several thousand feet; while it was never his notion of fun to give his guests as an antidote for last night, and then cock-tails to counteract the antidote.

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